THE PERIODICAL

Autumn 1961

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

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Cover design by Lynton Lamb

The Periodical

VOLUME XXXIV NUMBER 274 AUTUMN 1961

Buy good books, and read them; the best books are the commonest, and the last editions are always the best, if the editors are not blockheads, for they may profit of the former. But take care not to understand editions and title-pages too well. It always smells of pedantry, and not always of learning. LORD CHESTERFIELD *to his son.*

MR. REITH AT MAGNET HOUSE

[The Birth of Broadcasting *is the first of a projected three- or four-volume history of broadcasting in the United Kingdom. Professor Asa Briggs has drawn on the extensive B.B.C. archives, Lord Reith's unpublished diaries, and other sources, and the first volume sets an extremely high standard of interest and readability. It opens with early amateur experiments and closes with the transformation of the B.B.C. from a private company to a public corporation in 1927. Programmes and personalities, as well as policies, fill these instructive and frequently entertaining pages.*]

J. C. W. REITH was appointed General Manager of the BBC on 14 December 1922, a few weeks after BBC broadcasting had officially started. Less than a year later—on 14 November 1923—he became Managing Director. His rapid promotion was a recognition of the trust and respect he had won among the handful of people who knew his work from the inside. Yet his reputation outside was growing even faster. By the end of 1923 in most people's eyes he was the BBC. To many people, including his critics, he has remained the BBC ever since, although it is now more than twenty years since he completely severed his connexion with it.

'So fixed and secure is his reputation that an effort is needed to recapture the mood of the brief period before it was established. In December 1922 Reith knew nothing of broadcasting, either of its problems or of its opportunities. He did not even know the word before he read a public advertisement in the newspapers of 13 October 1922 giving details of four vacancies in the Company, which was described as still in process of formation. The four posts were those of General Manager, Director of Programmes, Chief Engineer, and Secretary. "Only applicants having first-class qualifications", the advertisement went on, "need apply".

'What first-class qualifications the Directors had in mind was not made clear. Perhaps the nature of the qualifications was not clear to them. . . . Certainly Reith had no clear idea of the necessary qualifications. He was an engineer. He was a Scotsman. He was "a son of the Manse". He was

A. A. CAMPBELL SWINTON,
ELECTRICAL ENGINEER.

Telegraphic Address.
"DUNAMIS, LONDON."

TELEPHONE NO. 5162.

66, Victoria Street,
London, S.W.

March 30 th 1896.

Dear Mr Preece,

I am taking the liberty of sending to you with this note a young Italian of the name of Marconi, who has come over to this country with the idea of getting taken up a new system of telegraphy without wires, at which he has been working. It appears to be based upon the use of Hertzian waves, and Oliver Lodge's coherer, but from what he tells me he appears to have got considerably beyond what I believe other people have done in this line.

It has occurred to me that you might possibly be kind enough to see him and hear what he has to say and I also think that what he has done will very likely be of interest to you.

Hoping that I am not troubling you too much.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

A. A. C. Swinton

W. H. Preece Esq. C.B.

Guglielmo Marconi
101 Hereford Rd
Bayswater Bologna

hirty-four years old. He hated "smooth-running soft jobs". He was look-
ng for an interesting opening where he could employ the talents which
ie knew he possessed. In March 1922 he had resigned his position as
general manager of William Beardmore and Company, the Coatbridge
ngineering firm. In the spring and middle months of 1922 he was on the
ringes of the political world. He served for a time as a kind of A.D.C. to
ir William Bull, a Unionist politician who became one of the first two
'small-firm" directors of the BBC. In recommending Reith to Bull, J. R.
Eccles, the headmaster of Reith's old school, Gresham's, Holt, wrote in
nthusiastic language about his "absolute integrity and high purpose".
'I don't think", he added, "that we can afford to lose men of character
nd earnestness of purpose like Reith, and, if you can do anything to give
im scope for his undoubted powers, I think you will be doing something
hat you will never regret. . . ."

'Bull was a link in the chain, but it was to Noble that Reith addressed
is letter of application. He posted the letter in the letter-box of the
Cavendish Club, "then did what should have been done before—looked
p Sir William Noble in *Who's Who*". When he read that Noble was an
Aberdonian, he hastily retrieved the first letter from the letter-box and
ewrote it with a reference to his own Aberdonian ancestry. He drew
ttention also to his engineering training, his commercial experience, and
is success in "organising and administrative appointments of considerable
esponsibility". His letter ended with the remark that "the appointment
s of the nature and degree which I came to Town hoping to obtain, and
should not apply did I not feel capable of discharging its responsibilities
o your satisfaction".

'There was no reply to this letter until 7 December, and unfortunately
here are no surviving records of what was happening behind the scenes
r of the considerations which Noble and his colleagues had in mind in
ppointing to the post. There is not even a surviving short list of the six
eople seriously considered for what was to be a strategic post in British
wentieth-century history. . . . Whatever happened behind the scenes, how-
ver, Reith was summoned to an interview at Magnet House on 13 Decem-
er. It was a brief interview, but long enough for Reith to be told that
ithin a short space of time the newly appointed General Manager would
now everybody worth knowing in the country.

'The following day Noble, who had been very cordial at the interview
nd at the end "almost winked as if to say it was all right", telephoned
eith to tell him that the Board was unanimous in offering him the post. . . .
n the quiet of his own heart Reith knew that he "had gotten what he had

been waiting for". "I am profoundly thankful to God for his goodness in this matter", he wrote in his diary. "It is all His doing." . . .

'He has vividly described his first day in his office and the general conditions in which he worked during this early period. Before taking up his post in London he briefly visited Newcastle *en route* where he saw "transmitting station and studio place and landlords". The first broadcast from Newcastle had been given a day or two earlier on Christmas Eve from a microphone mounted on a motor lorry in a stable yard. The first London office of the BBC was scarcely more pretentious. It was on the second floor of the General Electric Company's buildings in Kingsway, and consisted of a room and a small antechamber. When Reith arrived at Magnet House at 9 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, 30 December, the lift attendant asked him his business before allowing him to get into the lift.

'"B.B.C.", I said deliberately. "Nobody there yet, sir, but we're expecting them on Monday for the first time." "Who is them?" I asked. "The new Company", he replied. So I told him that this was it, or part of it, one-quarter approximately. As he bore me upwards I detected a scornful curiosity in his veiled scrutiny. He was very polite. He conducted me to a door already labelled BBC, which he opened for me with some ceremony. I entered. The door shut, and I heard his footsteps echoing along the corridor. A wild thought came to me that I would hail him and bid him loose me again. But I had heard the clang of the iron gate. It was too late.'

From THE BIRTH OF BROADCASTING. *By* Asa Briggs. (*Vol.* I *of* The History of Broadcasting in the United Kingdom.) LONDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

MUSIC BY ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

Punch, 1850

From The Birth of Broadcasting

CURTMANTLE

Christopher Fry's new play will be published in October in advance of a London production. The author's Foreword, from which we take extracts, serves as an illuminating introduction to this masterly stage-study of Henry II. Henry emerges as a towering figure: 'a tragic conception that surpasses anything that has yet come from Mr. Fry's pen', as The Times *wrote after the play's première in Holland earlier this year.*]

HENRY PLANTAGENET was born in 1133, the son of Matilda (daughter of Henry I) and Geoffrey Plantagenet, Count of Anjou. During his boyhood England was suffering an eight-year-long agony of civil war, fought between his mother and Stephen of Blois. At the age of twenty-one he was King, and the wealthiest ruler in Europe. At fifty-six he was dead, the sword of State pawned, his heart broken. But "he had laid the foundations of the English Common Law, upon which succeeding generations would build—changes in the design would arise, but its main outlines would not be altered".[1]

'Between these two dates there is a seething cauldron of events, conflicts, purposes, errors, brilliance, human endurance, and human suffering, which could provide, in those thirty-five years, all that we need for a life-time's study and contemplation of mankind. No single play could contain more than a splash from the brew. What to use and what to lose out of this feverish concentration of life? How far should fidelity to historical events be sacrificed to suit the theatre?

'If a playwright is rash enough to treat real events at all he has to accept a double responsibility: to drag out of the sea of detail a story simple enough to be understood by people who knew nothing about it before; and to do it without distorting the material he has chosen to use. Otherwise let him invent his characters, let him go to Ruritania for his history.

'To try to recreate what has taken place in this world (or, indeed, to write about life at all) is to be faced by the task of putting a shape on almost limitless complexity. The necessity for shaping—for "making a play of it"—is inherent in us, because pattern and balance are pervading facts of the universe. It is tempting to make a misleading simplification. In the absence of any other household-god simplification becomes a gross superstition. It gives us the security of "knowing", of being at home in events. We even call it reality, or getting down to the truth. But everything that we ignored remains to confute us.

'I can't pretend that the play which follows has solved the problems, but consideration of them has dictated the way it should go. Though it follows chronology, it is not a chronicle play. The form it takes is one of memory and contemplation. The stage is William Marshal's mind, as

[1] Winston S. Churchill, *The History of the English-Speaking Peoples*, vol. i.

though he were remembering the life of Henry; and the deviations from historical accuracy are on the whole no greater than might occur in a man's memory. . . .

'The play has two themes: one a progression towards a portrait of Henry, a search for his reality, moving through versions of "Where is the King?" to the unresolved close of "He was dead when they came to him." The other theme is Law, or rather the interplay of different laws: civil, canon, moral, aesthetic, and the laws of God; and how they belong and do not belong to each other.

'It adds up to no more than a sketch of Henry. Just as the thirty-five years of his reign contain a concentration of the human condition, so his character covers a vast field of human nature. He was simple and royal (his nickname of "Curtmantle" derived from the plain short cloak he wore), direct and paradoxical, compassionate and hard, a man of intellect, a man of action, God-fearing, superstitious, blasphemous, far-seeing, short-sighted, affectionate, lustful, patient, volcanic, humble, overriding. It is difficult to think of any facet of man which at some time he didn't demonstrate, except chastity and sloth.'

From CURTMANTLE. *By* Christopher Fry. LONDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

DUEL AND DECLARATION

[*The first full-length study in English of Sainte-Beuve and his intellectual development is to be published shortly. Particular emphasis is laid on his extensive relations with social and religious reformers, philosophers, historians, and scholars, alongside the contemporary literary scene, and a new and impressive picture emerges of this highly original and influential figure. The Adèle of the following passage is the wife of Victor Hugo.*]

'GREAT things were in the air. As August wore on most of the staff of the *Globe* prepared to move off after their patrons into lucrative official posts. In September Dubois gave up his editorship of the *Globe*, and even tried to wind it up; Leroux, supported by a handful of the younger men, resisted the attempt, and wanted to move closer to the Saint-Simonian movement of social and spiritual reform. Matters came to a head at an editorial conference on the 18th: Dubois, irritated by some proposal from Sainte-Beuve, attempted to snub this junior into silence; Sainte-Beuve, nettled, made a studiously rude remark to "Monsieur le Député de la *Gloire Inférieure*".[1] Dubois thereupon slapped his face—and a duel was promptly fixed by the seconds (Damiron for Dubois, Duvergier de Hauranne and Leroux for Sainte-Beuve).

[1] An intelligent forecast: Dubois secured election in 1831 as Deputy for the *Loire Inférieure*; but the evidence comes from Philarète Chasles's *Mémoires* (1871), and the insulting expression may well be a later invention.

'Leaving the office, Sainte-Beuve went straight home to his desk, and spatched back to Pierre Leroux (now acting-editor of the *Globe*) an rticle on Diderot. It had been lying in his drawer, waiting for a lull when olitics might leave space for literature again. That moment had not come, ut it was now or never. With it he sent a short covering note:

Ay dear friend,

It is impossible for me to wait any longer. Here is my *article on Diderot*. Have it rinted please, this evening. I shall be back at the printer's at ten o'clock.

'Why the hurry? It takes a careful reading of the study on Diderot and s mistress, Sophie Volland, to detect that it contained a message—no ss! In a typically round-about way, Sainte-Beuve brought together uotations from Diderot's letters to convey his own feelings for Adèle—suming she was disposed to make the transpositions. Interspersed among marks on Genius and Werther and cognate topics there thus appears choice bouquet of passionate quotations, sufficiently out of place to tch the eye:

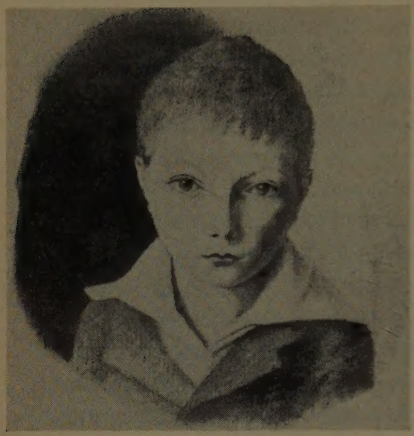
'Let us live, my dear, so that our life is free from lies; the more I admire you, the ore you will be dear to me; the more you see me virtuous, the more you will ve me [. . .]. In my heart I have raised a statue I should like never to break—hat a misfortune if I committed some act that degraded me in its eyes!

'[. . .] My dear, all things change in this world; all, not even excepting you: all, it not my passion for you [. . .].

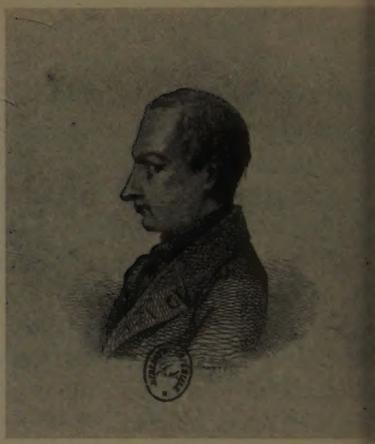
'That Saturday night politics, liberalism, *Globe*, had to stand aside while corrected the proofs of his article, which might be read by the eyes for hich it was destined when its author had already the overdue bullet in s chest. It is not impossible that this was the *first* open declaration that he id dared to make. The next day, Sunday, his goddaughter, Adèle Hugo, as christened—he stayed away, brooding.

'Monday the 20th was wet and dismal. The seconds escorted the duellists rly in the morning to the woods of Romainville. Alighting from his rriage in the rain, the young poet opened his umbrella and made as ough to keep it up, refusing to listen to his seconds' expostulations:[1] don't mind being killed, but I refuse to get wet"—and held it clutched rmly in his left hand. Under these difficult conditions, the two men fired vice at twenty paces, both missed, and (on Sainte-Beuve's insisting) peated the operation. The duel was then stopped by the seconds. To tell e truth, neither Dubois nor Sainte-Beuve had any incentive to shoot

[1] F. de Langle, 'Sainte-Beuve et Dubois duellistes, légende et réalité', *Figaro*, 10 n. 1931. The sources for the duel are Dubois's and Chasles's *Mémoires*. S.-B. akes no mention of it.



The critic as a boy
Drawn by Eugène de Bonnières, 1814



In 1844
Engraving by Demary

From the drawing by E. Lassore; frontispiece to the Biographical Dictionary of Eyma and Lucy, 1840

SAINTE-BEUVE

raight: Dubois regretted his provocation and "absurd" position (but he ay have been tired of that narking voice and prickly behaviour). Sainte-ruve had no real grievance against Dubois, to whom he owed much. ore likely he was anxious to gamble his life on a duel: having returned o late to be killed by the bullet on the barricade, like his Saint-Simonian end Georges Farcy, this was an opportunity to lose Adèle in the next st way.[1]

Adèle, on her side, learnt indirectly and late of the danger. She prob-ly never read the "Diderot declaration", but she showed her anxiety one of her few surviving letters to Sainte-Beuve, an invitation to lunch th Lamartine: "when you have told us all about it, and all grounds for xiety are past, it will be for us to scold you sharply for not *coming to see ir friends* [. . .]. As for me, I shall find it hard to forgive you."—What er reward could one hope for?'

[1] There was an excellent precedent: on 30 Nov. 1829 a young poet and journalist, arles Dovalle, was shot dead in a duel, and Hugo persuaded Ladvocat to publish the ques (*Le Sylphe*) at the beginning of 1830. One poem included had blank spaces in he bullet, we are told, had passed through the manuscript on its way to the poet's rt.

rom SAINTE-BEUVE: A PORTRAIT OF THE CRITIC 1804–1842. *By* A. G. Lehmann. FORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

'PENITENT CHURCHES'

m seven books on religious subjects to be published this autumn we select Bishop Stephen 'l's Christian Faith and Other Faiths *to be represented here. This book is not another oduction to the non-Christian religions. Rather, it is 'an attempt to understand them in . contemporary crises, and to make an assessment of them from a Christian standpoint'.*]

IE Western world is almost morbidly obsessed by a guilt complex over dentification of Christian faith with its own culture. This is so strongly by the younger generation as to make difficult any presentation of the to missionary service overseas. "When we have made such a mess of gs in the West, have we any right to export our culture overseas, and r it to these others?" If the question is put in this form, clearly the wer can only be "No". Yet the whole course of this chapter excludes other obvious and simple explanation, that we do not go abroad to ad our culture but only to preach the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ our d. As we have seen, this is precisely the thing that we can never do— an go only as ourselves, and that means as specimens of Western man. t is hardly too much to say that the Western Churches are at the present making almost frenzied efforts to disentangle the Gospel from the

Western habiliments in which it has been clothed. It is not clear tha these Churches are as yet fully aware of the complexity of the problen that they have taken in hand. We may note four points which must b kept separate and distinct:

'On the whole the Western Churches are now penitent Churches. The have come to recognize that "empirical Christianity", the Churches as the now are, with their all too human elements and their involvement in th things of this world, stand under the judgement of God, no less than othe human structures and organizations, religious or secular. In this sense a least Christianity is "one of the religions", and must accept the fact tha judgement is to begin at the house of God.

'The immediate task is to discover how the Gospel can again become th vivifying force in Western culture, how the gap of which Mr. Dawson ha so poignantly spoken can be bridged. This is a different task from that o winning back the individual to the faith. It demands the penetration o whole populations by the Christian idea on the emotional and subcon scious level, so that the ordinary man comes again to think and to feel i a Christian way even when he is not making any conscious profession o Christian faith. In a word, we have to reverse the process which Nietzsch alleged to have taken place without men's knowing it. Instead of "God dead" we must be able to affirm that "God is alive again in the Weste consciousness" or at least that "God is again striving to be born".

'But the Western Churches cannot hold over their offer of the Gosp to all the world until the process of the recovery of the West has bee completed. The dialogue between the religions has begun; it is essenti that the Christian voice should be heard in it with ever-increasing clarity and in many parts of the world the Christian voice can only be a Weste voice. But, in their new humility, the Western Churches are prepared t learn from the mistakes of the past. They are better able than they were t distinguish between the essentials of the Gospel and the fortuitous accr tions which are dear to the West, but have nothing to do with the centr issues of faith in Christ. They go now to offer and not to impose. . . .

'. . . we are now willing to recognize as never before that the creativ powers of the Gospel are greater than we had supposed, and that its work ing in the kingdoms of men may be more flexible than we have allowe for. Vines are vines all over the world; but the vine has exceptional powe of drawing difference and variety from varying conditions of soil and su and rain.'

From CHRISTIAN FAITH AND OTHER FAITHS: THE CHRISTIAN DIALOGUE WITH OTH RELIGIONS. *By* Stephen Neill. LONDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

Emma Gifford

THE YEARS! THE YEARS!

Emma Hardy, first wife of Thomas Hardy, left behind her an account of her life up to the time of her marriage. It is now published in full for the first time, and is shown to be of great importance in relation to Hardy's poems, the finest of which followed her death (at least fifty being written in the following year). Certain poems are clearly of special importance, echoing phrases, words, ideas, incidents, and rhythms from the Recollections. These poems are now shown side by side with their source: an enthralling example of the poetic process at work. Emma's vivid self-portrait and its profound effect on Hardy make this an absorbing study. We reproduce representative extracts from the Recollections, the relevant poem, and notes.]

WE removed to a better house with large delightful garden—number nine [?] Sussex Street, very near the Hoe—This garden had fine fruit trees in full bearing, besides a large kitchen garden and many flower beds. An unusual possession for a house in a street was a magnificent Elm tree of great age and girth showing itself high above the houses. We could see it for after years when we had removed to the north of the Town. But it has long since been cut down; all has been changed with the oncoming years; the street is now in our old garden. Underneath the tree were on each side of the long garden seats with long tables and a circular seat encircling it, nothing could have been better arranged by our elders, a most delightful spot it was for happy childhood—near by were the flower beds, and a strange old sweet-scented jessamine with deep-coloured thick blossoms such I have never met with since. A good swing was also erected for us in the large courtyard, which had a pillared portico to its garden-door and two large water-casks were there also into which my brother and I put minows, frogs, and tadpoles, getting soundly rated by cook because we chose the

drinking one which was always brim-full. At one end of our garden we had a poultry-house put up, and a choice selection of poultry was bought, for there was a mania at that time for keeping handsome fowls, and particularly Cochin-Chinas and Bramah-Pouters, Speckled Hamburgs, Black Spanish, and pretty Bantams; we loved and admired them all, but my Mother disliked them both living and for the table, as being too fat and too noisy; they were kept at the top of the large garden where rose trees had used to flourish named by me Rosewood.

'The most delightful point about that residence was its proximity to the Hoe—a glorious playground which beguiled me to spend many hours —some of them surreptitious ones—in fact all the time I could find for it, to the neglect of other matters, and much interfering with home lessons. . . .

'. . . My Father played the violin and my mother could play beautifully on the piano and sing like a professional. Her musical abilities were much enjoyed by us all as we stood round her piano to hear the Battle of Prague —Mary Queen of My Soul, and pieces and songs then in vogue. They taught us to sing harmony and our four voices went well together. (My youngest [brother] could not sing, though fond of music.) We sang rounds, such as "See our Oars with feathered Spray" and "Wisdom is better than silver or gold." etc. A brother's alto was particularly melodious. Sometimes my Mother and my Father sang their old songs together as in their youth. . . .

'When my dear Grandmamma died at Bedford Terrace in 1859 [1860?] we had to retrench on account of her income being divided, and it was decided to go to Cornwall. We left Plymouth in June of that year and it was forever lost to me, for I have seldom visited it since. . . . some young friends came to see us off at the station with whom my sister and my brothers and myself had had many pleasant excursions on land and water, boatings, country walks and parties. The heavens poured down a steady torrent on our farewells, and never did so watery an omen portend such dullnesses, and sadnesses and sorrows as this did for us. . . .

DURING WIND AND RAIN

They sing their dearest songs—
He, she, all of them—yea,
Treble and tenor and bass,
And one to play;
With the candles mooning each face. . . .
Ah, no; the years O!
How the sick leaves reel down in throngs!

They clear the creeping moss—
Elders and juniors—aye,
Making the pathways neat
And the garden gay;
And they build a shady seat. . . .
Ah, no; the years, the years;
See, the white storm-birds wing across!

They are blithely breakfasting all—
Men and maidens—yea,
Under the summer tree,
With a glimpse of the bay,
While pet fowl come to the knee. . . .
Ah, no; the years O!
And the rotten rose is ript from the wall.

They change to a high new house,
He, she, all of them—aye,
Clocks and carpets and chairs
On the lawn all day,
And brightest things that are theirs. . . .
Ah, no; the years, the years;
Down their carved names the rain-drop ploughs.

This poem, one of Hardy's finest and most characteristic, has been the subject of a good deal of critical analysis (cf. *Thomas Hardy*, by Douglas Brown, pp. 147–52). Yet it has never been clearly stated who or what is being described in it. Even the usually meticulous R. L. Purdy, in *Thomas Hardy: a Bibliographical Study*, p 201, simply remarks that "the poem seems to be a memory of St. Juliot Rectory and Hardy's courtship". This is impossible, for "elders and juniors" did not enter into the composition of the household at St. Juliot, unless one suspects Hardy of a tactless or satirical reference to the disparity of age between Emma's sister and brother-in-law; nor is there "a glimpse of the bay" from St. Juliot.

The scene, it now appears from *Some Recollections*, is Plymouth, the family Emma Hardy's, and the details taken from the two chief houses in which they lived. It is likely that the dominant refrain was suggested by her own phrase, "all has been changed with the oncoming years". The "shady seat" and the "summer tree" seem to have been suggested by the tree and seat in the passage quoted above, as do the "elders", who arranged the garden, a word used both in the poem and in *Some Recollections*. *Some Recollections*, p. 5, refers to "a mania at that time for keeping handsome fowls" and their presence in the garden of Sussex Street, which seems to have suggested the "pet-fowl" of the poem.

Some Recollections, p. 15, has a description of the Gifford family singing round the piano, and concludes with the words "Sometimes my Mother and my Father sang

T. H. BY E. L. G.

Emma Gifford's drawing of her future husband. From Some Recollections by Emma Hardy

eir old songs together as in their youth", which seems to have suggested the poem's pening.

'The "high new house" of stanza 4 seems to be Bedford Terrace, to which the ffords moved as described in *Some Recollections*, pp. 33a, 34, 35—"standing high ove the wide terrace"—"It stood so high".

'What is perhaps most striking is that the whole idea of the poem and even its title *tring Wind and Rain* derives from Emma Hardy's own feelings on leaving Plymouth. *Some Recollections*, p. 37, she writes of being seen off at Plymouth station by young ends, who shared their family pleasures, in these words: "The heavens poured down steady torrent on our farewells, and never did so watery an omen portend such llnesses, and sadnesses and sorrows as this did for us." Whatever actual watery rm may have precipitated the poem, these words, in a page of the manuscript rked in Hardy's handwriting and so clearly read by him, provided the clue for the od of the poem, with its description of his wife's happy but lost childhood and the persal by death of her family.'

From SOME RECOLLECTIONS BY EMMA HARDY, Thomas Hardy's first wife. *With tes by* EVELYN HARDY. *Together with* SOME REVELANT POEMS BY THOMAS HARDY. *ith notes by* Robert Gittings. *Jointly edited by* Evelyn Hardy *and* Robert Gittings. NDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

WHOSE IVORY TOWER?

he object of this essay', runs the description of French Classical Literature, '*is to destroy scandal of a literature officially praised and admired but in fact prejudged and neglected.*']

WHY . . . have we never asked ourselves how far French classical literature what it is because it was produced in the midst of a scientific revolution, thin a society where the discoveries were as startling and the discussions animated as in our own; where to the intelligent, the traditional picture the universe was seen to be more and more untrustworthy and new ought seen to be more and more inevitable? The whole moment, the rment of interest in upper middle class French and Dutch and English ciety, has been described by Butterfield and Dingle, but such books as eirs are not thought necessary for the study of French literature.[1] The ason for this vacuum is not far to seek; we find it in the accepted notion classicism. Since French classicism was understood to be the result of m reflection on truths unaffected by time or place, then there was no ed to think that French writers of the mid-century were conscious of the rld of ideas in which they moved. One has only to look at the facts to that this is an impossible assumption. . . . It is grotesque for us to agine the keenest minds of the day having, and showing, no interest in intellectual debates going on around them.

H. Butterfield, *The Origins of Modern Science*, 1949. H. Dingle, *The Scientific venture*, 1952.

'What is the outstanding feature of life in the seventeenth century, a
we can see it from contemporary memoirs, pictures, letters, and docu
ments? Not order or rule or reason, not pageantry or splendour, bu
vigour and even violence, restless activity. Aldous Huxley has caught it i
his account of Père Joseph; it was in his master Richelieu no less. The lif
of a churchman like Bossuet, far from being one of stately dignity a
suggested by his prose, is one long series of discussions, disappointment
negotiations, in the desperate and apparently tireless attempt to impos
Christian standards and orthodoxy upon an age determined to be rebel
lious. The life of Fénelon was no more peaceful. Nor that of Saint-Cyra
or Vincent de Paul. Pascal died at thirty-nine (a victim of disease and stil
more perhaps of the ignorance of his doctors) after a life of immens
and controversial activity. Molière died exhausted at fifty-one, not fro
composing "great" works, but from an almost daily struggle to kee
a theatrical company in existence. Racine lived his first forty years, durin
which almost all his poetry was written, in a fever of conflicting energie
The social pleasures of even such people as La Rochefoucauld and Madam
de Sévigné must have formed a very small part of an existence that w
now know included constant lawsuits, money difficulties and journey
that would daunt most modern travellers. These are not exceptional case
Travellers to France were impressed by activity everywhere. . . .

'So it is a fiction to imagine that the calmness and repose which we ma
see in classical art corresponds to the conditions in which it was written
It was not the classical writers but the Romantics who wrote from a
ivory tower, or might be accused of doing so. The calm of classical litera
ture, in so far as it exists (and I think it does, though we have seen i
because we looked for it) is an achievement, a reply to violence, and t
chaos. (Is not any work of art a reply, a reaction to a situation?) It is some
thing very different from what students have been told, for example i
these lines:

'Rien d'inquiet ou de tourmenté; aucun trouble, aucun malaise. Tous l
écrivains sont contents de leur époque . . . les auteurs classiques considèrent l
monde comme un ensemble de rapports déterminés . . . dont la complexité n'
rien qui les trouble.

'Such statements are an indication of how far tradition may impos
upon good judgment. None of them would occur, I suggest, to a
unbiassed and critical reader of the writers they purport to describe. The
occur only because the official explanation insisted on in French educatio
is that *Romantic* means warm, personal, real, in distinction, contrast, con

diet against *Classical*, which means cold, general, artificial. It is time, high time, that the whole argument were abandoned, or stated in terms that correspond in some degree to the facts. I think that a Marxist scholar, for all his bias, has come much nearer to these facts than the oft-reprinted manual of M. Pellissier:

'Les apologistes du classicisme n'ont vu qu'ordre, clarté, perfection, là où il y eut en fait que malaise, paradoxe, confusion, crise larvée . . . où par conséquent perfection de la forme fut, par rapport au contenu, confus et fuyant, à la fois une conquête durement gagnée et en échappatoire.'

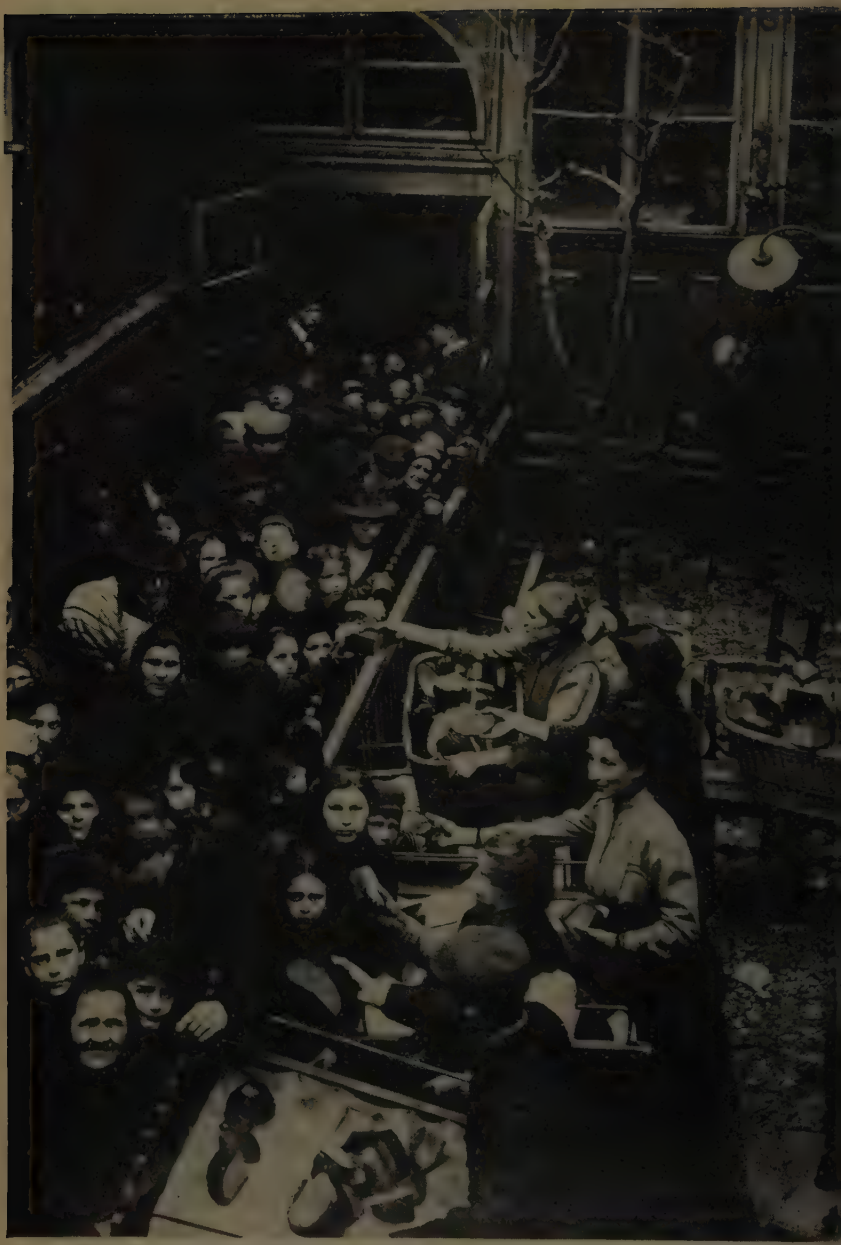
From FRENCH CLASSICAL LITERATURE: AN ESSAY. *By* Will G. Moore. OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

WINTER 1917–18

[The Break-up of the Habsburg Empire *Z. A. B. Zeman vividly describes the failing strength of the Habsburg monarchy and its now ramshackle Austro-Hungarian empire, and traces the rise of the new feeling among its peoples and the seizing of the main chance that came with the outbreak of war in 1914.*]

In central Europe, the winter of 1917–18 was very severe: by the end of December, Vienna was covered by a layer of snow several feet thick. The events on the battle-fields, reported in the press as if by the force of habit, no longer appeared absorbing: everybody's attention was concentrated on the opening moves in the peace negotiations at Brest-Litovsk, the seat of the German Headquarters in the East, between the Central Powers and the Soviet government. But the peace talks long remained inconclusive; in his frequent visits to Brest, Trotsky skilfully used the negotiations for spreading Bolshevik revolutionary slogans westward of the now stationary battle-line. In the Habsburg monarchy the Bolshevik demand for peace, with its undertones of social revolution, fell on fertile ground. Throughout the year 1917 the food-supply in the monarchy was steadily decreasing, and the harvest that year fell below the most pessimistic expectations. At the beginning of 1918 the government was faced with a severe food crisis. Desperate reports from the provinces began to reach the recently established War Office of Food Supplies (*Kriegsernährungamt*); on 11 January Count Clam-Gallas, the Governor of Bohemia, wrote to his friend Czernin, who was the Austro-Hungarian delegation in Brest-Litovsk:

'I do not doubt that you have already been informed by the Austrian government about the serious situation of our corn reserves until the next harvest. But



CHARITABLE DISTRIBUTION OF BREAD IN VIENNA, LATE 1917

A plate from The Break-up of the Habsburg Empire 1914–1918

idging by impressions I got in Vienna I doubt that you know the whole truth, iat we are faced with a catastrophe that will hit us during the next few weeks, nless at the last moment we receive foreign help. At best, the reserves in Bohemia ill last until the middle of April, but only if Bohemia does not have to supply ther lands. In other crown-lands the situation is much worse; there, starvation as already begun. Also there are already the beginnings of unrest in Bohemia, ecause sufficient corn for the rations is difficult to procure even in small amounts.)uring the last few days in Vienna I had an opportunity of convincing myself of ie desperate situation in the whole of the monarchy. . . . As soon as I discovered hat the real situation was, I went to see the Premier. I asked him whether he new that this will mean that in a few weeks the war industry and railways will ome to a standstill; the supply of the army will become more difficult and the rmy will collapse, and that such a catastrophe will mean the end of not only ustria, but Hungary as well. To all these questions the reply was yes, he knew)out it, and he told me that everything was being done to bring about an im-rovement, especially as far as supplies from Hungary were concerned. Nobody, ot even the Emperor, has so far succeeded in achieving anything in this respect. le can only hope that some *deus ex machina* will, at the last moment, save the ionarchy from the worst.

'On 14 January the flour ration was reduced, in the Austrian part of the ionarchy, from 200 to 165 grams per day; one day later the Minister of ood Supply telephoned the Foreign Ministry informing them that unrest mong workers in the industrial districts around Vienna had assumed a evolutionary tone. Indeed, as soon as the cut was announced, about 0,000 workers from the Daimler factory, among them members of the med forces, made a demonstration. They were already suspicious of ieir government's conduct of the peace negotiations at Brest-Litovsk; the emonstration was set off by the announcement of the reduction of food tions. The town hall in Wiener Neustadt was attacked and shouts for ie election of Soviets could be overheard. The spontaneous demonstra-ons developed into a mass strike movement, . . . some 95,000 men came ut on strike in Lower Austria; soon it spread to Styria, Upper Austria, yrol, and to the industrial suburbs of Brno, the Moravian capital. . . . On 3 January the movement spread to Budapest and a large part of Hungarian dustry came to a standstill. Here, the strike was both more widespread id more radical than in Austria: it affected, and completely paralysed, ungarian railways and workers' Soviets were elected at a number of ctories. Leaflets were spread among troops stationed in the country, horting them to free themselves, after the example of the Bolsheviks Russia, and asking them to render the German militarists no help on ie western front. . . .

'On 1 February the fifth fleet of the Austro-Hungarian navy, concentrated in the Gulf of Kotor, mutinied. Admiral Hansa commanded one battleship, three cruisers, and a number of smaller ships, forty in all, manned by 6,000 sailors. At noon, a shot from the admiral's flag-ship resounded through the gulf; a red flag was hoisted; the band, which usually played in the officers' mess at lunch-time, struck up the *Marseillaise*. Soon afterwards, all the ships of the fifth fleet were flying red flags. . . .

'. . . In spite of the fact that the mutiny was well organized and that the sailors took over the command of the fleet without any difficulty, the rising was short-lived. The sailors had to rely on their own ranks to provide their leaders; unlike the officers' corps of the army, which contained a large number of Slav reservists, naval officers were almost exclusively German and Hungarian professionals. The omission of the sailors to capture, at the beginning of the rising, the fleet's system of communications brought a bloody vengeance upon their heads. . . . The naval mutiny in the Gulf of Kotor was the first serious disturbance among the Austro-Hungarian armed forces, but it was also the last rebellion that was quelled without great difficulty. . . .

'In spite of the fact that in March 1918 the government finally plucked up enough courage to carry out intensive requisitioning of food in Hungary, and that the decision was energetically carried out under Prince Windischgrätz's supervision, the food situation in the monarchy reached the nadir of hopelessness. By the time the needs of the army were satisfied there was little left for distribution among the civilians; there were insufficient supplies in the government stores even for the meagre rations. . . . In their economic misery, all nationalities of the monarchy were equal; the incipient opposition of the Germans and the Hungarians to the Habsburg state dates from the beginnings of the economic breakdown. Indeed, the intensity of social unrest in Austria–Hungary during the last months of the war reached the same revolutionary pitch as it had done in Russia by November 1917.

'It was into such a situation that, at the end of March, prisoners of war started returning from Russia.'

From THE BREAK-UP OF THE HABSBURG EMPIRE 1914–1918: A STUDY IN NATIONAL AND SOCIAL REVOLUTION. *By* Z. A. B. Zeman. LONDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

CLASSICS FROM ITALY

The first five volumes in a new series of translations from the Italian are to be published in October. Plays, novels, short stories, memoirs, and letters will all figure in the series, the main purpose of which is to present in the most attractive possible form to the general reader the diverse riches of Italian literature. New translations are being commissioned in many cases, and each volume will have an introduction by an authority in the field. Below we print short passages from the introductions to the first five volumes: Warwick Chipman on his remarkable new translation in terza rima *of Dante's* Inferno; *J. R. Hale on the literary works of Machiavelli; Gabriele Baldini on the Venetian playwright Goldini and his importance in the history of Italian comedy; Professor Vincent on Alfieri's memorable autobiography; and the general editor of the series writing, with Neville Rogers, on the short story of the nineteenth century.*]

DANTE

LONG ago I tried my hand on a Canto of the Paradiso; and when at last I retired from active life and had time at my disposal, I thought that instead of sighing for what I wanted, I should try to make it. My limitations were as formidable as the task; and I cannot pretend to have achieved the ideal I had in mind. I can only trust that, without losing the sense, I have found something of the sound and the style of Dante.

'Dante's style is unique. He knew it, and called it *lo bello stilo*. Its chief notes seem to be purity, gravity, and nobility. It is almost puritanical in its simplicity, and yet is magnificent in phrase and cadence. It is weighty, yet swift. He loves verbs and nouns and clear statement. His lines are strokes. Seldom does one line spill over into the next. But their rhythm is so powerful that they sweep everything before them in a marvellous continuity and flow. All this is disciplined by his subtle *terza rima*, never failing the ear, but never too insistent; linking everything together, but never breaking the movement. The heroic couplet could not do this. Blank verse has a different function and technique.

'One must therefore keep to Dante's line form, and one must use his *terza rima*; and at once it is apparent, as others have noted, how poor in rhyme is our language compared with the seemingly inexhaustible supply at Dante's command. This adds enormously to the task of translating Dante into English poetry if one is not to distort an idiom, or torture a rhyme, or take refuge in a paraphrase. In the original, thought and form are mutually inspiring. For the translator, they will often make conflicting claims. One does not honour Dante, or even translate him, if one does not attempt to reconcile these claims without doing violence to good English. And, if the aim be to reproduce not merely beauty, but Dante's

CLASSICS FROM ITALY

The first five volumes to be published in The Oxford Library of Italian Classics

eauty, the task is even harder. I can only say that I have done my best ot to sin.'

From DANTE: THE INFERNO. *Translated into* terza rima *by* Warwick Chipman. NDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

MACHIAVELLI

NICCOLÒ MACHIAVELLI was one of the greatest of Italian writers. He was so the most pungent, and one of the most original, of the world's olitical thinkers. As a result, his reputation as a man of letters has become bscured. All too often his literary works have been picked over for aterial that will help in the erection of some monument to his fame as political, military, or historical writer, or will help materialize some pect of an elusive personality; all too seldom have they been judged as orks of art, as the products of a largely literary inspiration, of a passion r language and the process of composition. . . .

'The foregoing remarks have been a plea that Machiavelli's literary orks should be considered as autonomous works of art. It will then be en that they increase an understanding of the didactic works in a far ofounder sense than through the supplying of reflections of his thought out politics, human nature, and fate. His political works have lived cause they too are works of art, and, in their less flexible way, were bject to the same creative, shaping pressures as were his literary works. ne way in which a thing is said is part of its meaning, and in assessing e judgements of a writer on politics, and considering his arguments, his nphases, and his use of evidence—if that man was also the greatest amatist of his age, would it not be prudent to keep that fact in mind?'

From MACHIAVELLI: THE LITERARY WORKS. *Translated and with an Introduction by* R. Hale. LONDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

GOLDONI

OLDONI gave himself a hard task: the pursuit of what he himself, and erary historians after him, have called the *riforma*—the same word used Italians for "reformation", to them a less familiar topic.

This "reformation" was to be, first, in style: baroque preoccupation th images and metaphors, successful even beyond the Channel, was to discarded. Next to be discarded were the profanities and obscenities over from the *Commedia dell'Arte*. All this meant to stress the close ationship between stage and reality, ignored and lost in the previous

age. So a healthy and dignified sense of comedy would replace the old guffaws. The characters were also to talk simply and naturally, avoiding any literary or artificial device. Thus the only proper subjects for plays were those deeply rooted in everyday reality: heroic and exaggerated passions were to be shunned and, on the other hand, analysis of the most tender and secret ways of the heart was to be encouraged. According to Goldoni himself, the two great sources of inspiration for such a programme should be "the book of the Stage", and "the book of Nature". The first was to teach technique and language, the second to direct the search for suitable themes.

'Goldoni did not devise such a programme from the beginning: he just followed its main lines by instinct, and was able to formulate them only later, after instinct had led him to achieve a masterpiece . . . his greatest charm is the tenderness and humanity of his approach. This means that he is himself a classic in the truest sense of the word, not from any rules but for his insight into the human heart, its surprising patterns, its shifting rhythms, the longing for a melody that appeases, and for forgiveness above all.'

From GOLDONI: THREE COMEDIES: 'La locandiera', 'I rusteghi', 'Il ventaglio'. *Translated by* Clifford Bax, Eleanor and Herbert Farjeon, *and* E. M. Rawson, *with an Introduction by* Gabriele Baldini. LONDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

ALFIERI

'"LOOK, listen! Alfieri is my name! I am an Italian, not a Frenchman. Look at me! Look at my description! Tall, thin, pale, red hair; that's me!"

'Shouting out these words in strident tones and flourishing his passport, Vittorio Alfieri forced a passage through a hostile mob and escaped from revolutionary Paris with two carriages heavily laden with his most valuable possessions, his liveried servants, his mistress and his pocket edition of Plutarch. He succeeded in his purpose by force of character. It is an episode typical of the man and it helps us to understand this highly original autobiography. The book is primarily the record of a prolonged act of will.

'The urge that drove Alfieri to write this book was the realisation of the truly astounding fact that an idle, ignorant, wealthy, high-born young man, with no literary training and hardly a language he could call his own, consciously forced himself to achieve the most unexpected ambition of becoming the foremost writer of Italian tragedies. . . .

'It is an almost objective interest in the development of the author's own character which sets this autobiography apart. He studies and describes the springs of his action as though he were a spectator of the drama,

ot the protagonist. . . . Alfieri's autobiography is that very rare thing, an ntirely original work of literature. It must be understood for what it is; self-portrait, not a landscape nor a conversation-piece. . . .

'To Italians Alfieri, his tragedies, poems, and autobiography mean ar more than to us. In many ways they consider him a forerunner of talian independence, a voice speaking to an Italy not yet born. From the rtificial world of the theatre he "waged war against tyrants". To English eaders, less interested in Italian politics and perhaps not naturally attracted owards classical tragedy in a foreign language, Alfieri is first and foremost ne highly original figure who lives again in the pages of this autobio-raphy.'

From ALFIERI: MEMOIRS. *The anonymous translation of 1810, revised and with an ntroduction by* E. R. Vincent. LONDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

THE SHORT STORY

TALIAN was richer in short stories during the last half of the nineteenth entury than it had been for three hundred years. . . .

'The chief problem in choosing our tales has been *embarras de richesses*. . . . it has happened that most of our stories touch sombre corners of life his may be partly due to the background of realism which colours the erature of the period. . . . Here . . . are Boito's self-destroying fascinator, rect descendant of La Pisana in Nievo's *Confessioni di un Ottuagenario*, the xt major work with a local setting after Manzoni's, and, at the other end 'Annunzio's earliest short stories, written under *veristi* influence, but eady foreshadowing a new divergence into rhetoric; their insistence on e material and voluptuous, the dramatic and external in religion, is pressed with a poetic power bringing a whiff, some might think, of lemoniac" forces from a region, the Abruzzi, which is still one of the ost primitive in Italy.

'In between are to be found expressions of Manzoni's "movement wards the humble": in Serao's compassion for Cecchina which D'Annun-o would never have allowed himself, in the elemental simplicity of eledda, the vein of mystical phantasy in Tarchetti, the light, unsenti-ental, brushwork of Scarfoglio, De Amicis's Manzonian warmth, cchetti's sincere nobility, and the avoidance of cant that is common to em all.'

From ITALIAN REGIONAL TALES OF THE LAST CENTURY. *Edited by* Archibald Colqu-un *and* Neville Rogers. LONDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

QALA-I-BISHT: THE ARCH

WATERSMEET

[Between Oxus and Jumna *is Arnold Toynbee's account of a journey made in North-West India, Western Pakistan, and Afghanistan during the early months of 1960. His account of this region, the theatre of decisive events in mankind's history and of vital importance to the modern world also, is illuminated by his historical insight.*]

THERE it was at last under my eyes: the famous watersmeet at the southern foot of the Hindu Kush. For years past, I had been poring over this point on the map and trying to convert those unrevealing conventional lines into a picture in my mind's eye. Sometimes I had pictured this meeting-place of Asian waters in the likeness of one in England that I knew well. I had made the Rawthey do duty for the Panjshir, and the Lune for the Ghorband; and this mental transposition had called up an image of waters tumbling steeply to join each other in a pool surrounded by a shingle-bed. Sometimes, again, I had pictured two flat-flowing English rivers—Cherwell and Isis—meeting undramatically in a setting of open green water-meadows. The map had allowed me this wide choice of imaginary pictures. For there, on the map, were mountain and plain in close quarters. But the map seldom gives one an inkling of the reality. What I now saw below my feet was strikingly different from all the alternative pictures that I had imagined.

'I was standing on the rampart of a ruined citadel on the brow of a bluff; and, below, a huge volume of water was swirling past and sweeping over the lower ground on the opposite bank. The watersmeet that fed this mighty flow was just to my left; and no wonder that the flow was mighty. For each of the two rivers that met here had taken a partner on a short run from the foot of the mountains to this trysting-place. From the crown of the rampart I could see, in a row, the mouths of the four valleys from which the four rivers had burst out; and three valleys out of the four led up to passes: the Ghorband valley to the Shibar Pass, over which I had travelled a few days back; the Panjshir valley to the Khawak Pass; and the Salang valley to the pass that bears its name. The whole panorama was spread out before me. Standing on this bluff, on the south-west side of the hurrying waters, I was still in Koh-i-Daman: "the Mountain-Fringe". The lovely dark green country between the farther bank and the southern foot of the Hindu Kush was Kohistan: "Mountain Land". The citadel on whose rampart I was perched was the northernmost point of the ancient city of Kapisha, whose ruins are known today as Begrám. The walls of the city itself ran over rising ground behind me.

'At the moment at which I climbed the rampart and caught my first

view of the waters, a raft, towing a swimming horse behind it, put off from the opposite shore and made for ours. Since the beginning of history there must have been a ferry here; for this is the highest point at which all the waters descending from the Hindu Kush into Kohistan can be crossed in one single transit. The raft spun round this way and that as it was carried down stream by the racing river. It was all that even those practised ferry-men could do to berth it on our side under the shelter of a rock below the bluff; and the roughness of the raft's passage demonstrated that the citadel of Begrám had been planted in a key-position. The rampart on which I was standing commanded the ferry completely. Post a dozen archers here, and no hostile force could venture to attempt the arduous crossing.

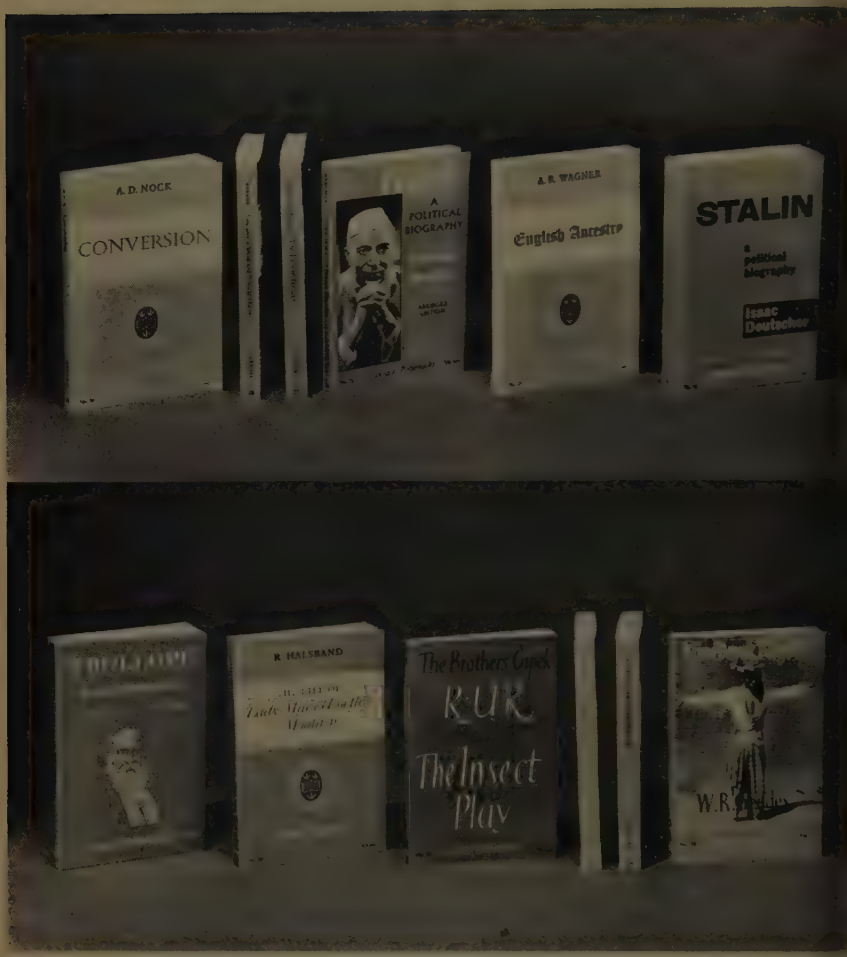
'The crossing that I had just witnessed had been unchallenged. The passengers had landed. The swimming horse, too, was now ashore. But still I lingered and went on gazing. In the backwaters and lagoons on the river's shallow farther side, flocks of big white birds were standing. They were standing as stiff as sentries, taking no notice of the human bustle within much less than a gunshot's distance away from them. Their placidity was not surprising, for these were not the living birds that they pretended to be. They were dummies, planted there to decoy real birds of passage.

'In the migrating season, hordes of birds from India approach the Hindu Kush at this point, en route for the cooler climes in which they prefer to spend their summers. Age-long trial and error has taught them, as it has taught their human fellow-migrants, that here, if anywhere, the mountain-wall can be crossed. It can be crossed on the wing, as well as on foot, if only the mountains are not in a malignant mood. But in some years the mountains send down, from their still unmelted snows, a north wind—the dreaded Bad-i-Parvan—which blows so hard and strikes so cold that neither bird nor man can make headway against it. When the Bad-i-Parvan is blowing, the Hindu Kush is truly higher than the ceiling of even an eagle's flight. And the migrant birds' distress is the fowlers' opportunity. Defeated by the adverse blast, the poor birds seek shelter where they see the deceptive dummies apparently standing secure. And then they make easy targets for the waiting fowler's gun.'

From BETWEEN OXUS AND JUMNA. *By* Arnold J. Toynbee. LONDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

ıe German Image of Goethe offers a balanced account of the poet's effect on the literary, sical, scientific, and political life of Germany from the 1770's to the present day; and traces development of a curious phenomenon in the world of letters: the rise, fall, and re-birth ı great writer's reputation.]

is one of the characteristics of a classical author that he forces later ıerations to read his works and to formulate their own attitude to them. oethe began to do this not after death but early in life. Unlike Vergil Dante, Cervantes or Calderón, Shakespeare or Milton, Corneille or cine, or any other writer recognized as "classical", Goethe had the good rtune of being so recognized in his early twenties. This enabled him take a hand in the shaping not only of the contemporary, but of the sthumous image which his people had of him. He has made ample but rcreet use of this opportunity. It is well to remember that the German age of Goethe goes back in many instances to—Goethe's image of ethe. His statements about his own works fill nine stout volumes. No ıer classical author has so amply commented on his own production. . . . However, Goethe was significant not only in his work. . . . With the n as with the writer, almost every expression of admiration is balanced, the history of his reputation, by one of criticism. But once he had come known, Goethe the Personality (or "entelechy", as he might have ferred) could no more be passed over in silence than could Goethe the iter. Admiration as well as criticism became more intense when a ond facet of his being was discovered: not only its intrinsic worth, but extraordinary fitness for life. It is precisely this mastery of life, from the st abstract philosophical tenets to the most superficial skills of "Life-nship", which is most stressed by the Germans of today—as it was the t of his personality which was most condemned by certain earlier ıerations, who might have forgiven Goethe his literary pre-eminence Divine Providence had not seen fit to endow him with an uncommon ree of worldly success as well. Whether Goethe's life was a happy one do not know; he does not seem to have considered it so, at least when looked back on it in old age. But there is no doubt that it was an out-dly successful life. In this Goethe was more fortunate than Cervantes Shakespeare who had their brushes with the law, Ovid and Dante o died in exile, Goldsmith and Rilke who were beset by poverty, iller and Keats who were felled, in mid-career, by sickness. Essentially ouched, despite an occasional illness, by these and many other hazards ıuman existence, Goethe lived his long life as fully as ever a man did—as serenely as was once thought, but still by any common measurement



THE AUTUMN PAPERBACKS

These twelve new paperbacks in the Oxford series will be published on 14 September. The four book whose spines alone are visible above are: The Idea of History, *by R. G. Collingwood*; Principles o Social and Political Theory, *by Sir Ernest Barker*; Law in the Making, *by Sir Carleton Kemp Allen; and* French Music, *by Martin Cooper*

ry successfully indeed. Among the world's great artists, only Horace d Rubens seem to have "done so well". Here again, our estimate of oethe goes back, in many instances, to Goethe himself. No other classical thor has so amply commented on his own life. Concern with one's osthumous reputation is a human trait by no means restricted to writers, it few have carried this concern as far as Goethe did as an old man, when asked his friends to return to him the letters he had written half a cen- ry before. . . .

'Thus fame came to him early, and it rested securely on the recognition his excellence on two planes, as author and as man. To the combination these factors, and to sheer luck, Goethe owes one final distinction which terests us here: the survival of his physical image. Of all the assets of rly fame, this is the last one to bear fruit. It is an especially useful asset in ir age, where even literary information is increasingly conveyed through ctures, by means of illustrated popular editions, photographic essays, otion pictures, television. Through innumerable reproductions, from othpaste advertisements to art books, we have become positively satur- ed with certain faces; and in Germany, Goethe's is one of these. Once ore he stands apart from the other great literary figures of the past, hose surviving portraits are, for the most part, few in number and different in quality. During his long life Goethe sat for so many artists at every detail of his appearance has come down to us. It would be hard exaggerate the importance of this for the continued vitality of his fluence. In the mind of a great many readers, physical attributes and fects form a first characteristic feature distinguishing one artist from all hers. The schoolboy (and it is as such that most of us first meet the assics) may not remember immediately which symphony is called the storal, or whether Ajax ever did get back to Greece; but once told, he ill not forget that Beethoven was deaf, and Homer supposedly blind. y the same token Goethe's appearance—especially his eyes, so "extra- dinary dark, piercing and brilliant" (Thackeray)—has exerted an eerie scination on later Germans. When Thomas Mann wanted to castigate erhart Hauptmann for letting himself be taken in by Hitler, he did not ll him a Fascist. Still less did he criticize his works. He was much subtler d upbraided Hauptmann (who prided himself on his Goethe-likeness) r consenting to have an interview with Hitler, during which the *Führer* uld peer right into his eyes, which were "small and pale, really quite -Goethean".'

From THE GERMAN IMAGE OF GOETHE. *By* Wolfgang Leppmann. OXFORD: AT THE ARENDON PRESS.

From the jacket

TRIALS OF AN AUTHOR

[*There are six new volumes in The World's* Classics this autumn: a particularly attractive half-dozen. First comes Anthony à Wood, the celebrated Oxford antiquary (1632–95). Raciness, not refinement, is the hallmark of his diverting autobiography.]

'24 Jan., S., Mr. Arthur Charlet told me from Mr. Nicholas Martin, vice-principal of Hart Hall, that I had a B.[1] at Hedington, who heard it reported at the coffey-house. This is now raised to pluck me downe, when my name was up in the Gazet for a famous antiquary. Four dayes or a week before Mr. Henry Gandy tells me from Mr. James Davenant that I took away some writings out of Oriel Coll. Treasury. (I told him that I then wanted those of S. Mary hall.) This was at George's Tavern.—This report makes me a theif and a rogue; the other, a beast.—I perused Oriel Coll. writings 20 yeares before; had never heard of this till now. All these things done by clergymen!

'In the latter end of this month Mr. Arthur Charlet, asked William Richards, somtimes chaplain of Alls. Coll., now archdeacon of Berks, "whether he would subscribe to *Athenae Oxon*," he made answer that "he would rather subscribe to have it burnt"—the words as ugly as his face.

'Feb. 7, Sat., John Forster, M.A. and fellow of Alls. Coll., son of John Foster brewer in Westminster, died at the Miter Inn late at night, after immoderate drinking. Buried at night in Alls. Coll. outer chapel.

'Feb. 13, Friday, circa meridiem, died suddenly of an apoplexy Dr. Edward Ferrar, master of Univ. Coll., on his close stool. Much given to bibbing and smoking and to but little exercise. . . .

'June 18, Thursday, *Athenae et Fasti Oxon* were published at London. June 19, F., they came in Moore's waggon to Oxon. June 22, M., I presented one to the vicechancellor to whome it is partly dedicated and at the same time I gave him one for the Library.

'25 June, Th., at the King's Head Taverne with Mr. Arthur Charlet, Thomas Creech. Charlet shew'd me Thomas Bennet's letter dated 23 June, T., wherein he tells Mr. Charlet that he was told at London by

[1] Probably bastard.

veral that a great deal of ill nature was expressed in my book lately iblished. So they carried that expression on by telling me that I express great deal of ill nature in reflecting upon Ch. Ch. by saying that the ane in choosing men of his owne house to read Dr. John Morris his cture had no regard to Allsouls where Dr. Morris had his breeding; Villiam Camden being denied a fellowship in Allsouls becaus of "the pish partie" there; that there is bad sense in every page. (Vide latter end Allmanac; they said this to run down my book.)—Who is ill natur'd? hether the author who speaks the truth, or a company of idle fellowes at sit all day in an alehouse or tavern to pick holes in the coates of indus- ious men who labour for the honor of the University. Mr. Arthur Charlet en told me that the president of Trinity College (Ralph Bathurst) said at I "*collected* it but not *writ* it," that is, in good language. . . .

June, July—my book has been a subject of discourse in Oxford for month togeather. The bachelors and undergraduats speak generally well it. Some heads of houses, bachelors of Divinity, and fellowes are nerally against it; study to pick holes in it or at least popery.—Dr. Ralph thurst complaines that there is "bad sense in very many places"; ichael Harding of Trin., that there is "a great deal of popery" and that speak favourable of the papists."—Balliol Coll. say I call parson Hodges uckold, because his wife was "dishonest to him"; that "they are careless their MSS.," because Dr. Thomas James took some away—so he did m Merton.—All fellowes of houses and ministers that sneer. . . .—13 ly, M., at the tavern with Mr. Arthur Charlet, Dr. Salisbury Cade, alter Fifeild, Roger Almond; where Mr. Charlet shew'd me a letter ceived from London last night (from James Harrington) that my book is better received at London than at Oxon; that the bookseller (Thomas nnet) was well contented with it.—July 15, Th., at night, at the upper tes of Trin. Coll. Mr. Charlet told me that Mr. Michael Harding had ecture for me for several passages in my book. He passed by soon after d said not one word.—Eadem nocte at Mr. . . . Joyner's, Mr. Thomas eech told me that I said "S. . . . entered into holy order of the Car- usians."—July 19, Sunday at Mr. Arthur Charlet's chamber, Mr. . . . nton told me of the stone pulpit of S. Marie's (vide notes at cardinal nn Morton in margin). He told me (William Bishop being then there) t Dr. Roger Mander master of Ball. Coll. said "it was not" (my book) t to wipe one's arse with."—25 July, S., Mr. Arthur Charlet told me that master of Ball. Coll. (Roger Mander) should say that "'twas no matter" that "the book deserves to be burnt in every college quadrangle."'

From THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANTHONY À WOOD. *Abridged from Andrew Clark's ion and with an Introduction by* Llewelyn Powys. (The World's Classics, No. 580.) NDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

From Charles Mozley's jacket design

UNDER THE PEACOCK PLUMES

[*A new World's Classics selection from Oscar Wilde shows him at his best as playwright, critic, and writer of short stories and fairy-tales. Richard Ellmann's masterly introduction, from which we take these extracts, reaches to the heart of Wilde's character as a creative artist.*]

'In Oscar Wilde young men trying to escape from their awkwardness found a spokesman, and he did not lose this position with his favourite audience until the First World War discredited graceful communication. It seemed then that the ambience of truth must properly be crude and inarticulate; style consisted in laying hold of the most apt monosyllables. Yet today passionate muteness has in its turn become stale, and the verbal dexterity of Wilde claims reinstatement, as if the mind were weary of serving only as shield.

'So Wilde, like Dr. Johnson in this if in little else, is greater than any of his works, and occupies, as he himself insisted, "a symbolical relation" to his age. He could not fully understand that relation, though he perceived its existence, because he never learned to estimate his powers accurately even in the period when he thought he had become humble. In an extraordinary passage in *De Profundis* he asserted, "The gods had given me almost everything", and rather glibly listed the extensive benefactions which he was ashamed to have wasted. The talents that he really possessed were more limited in number, and they were bestowed upon him with equivocation. His wit, it was decreed, should not content him; he should pursue beauty and confuse it with garishness; he should require social acceptance for the flowering of his nature, and be ostracized. Yet in that smash-up of his fortunes, rather than in their apogee, Wilde's true position appeared. He wished to be the scapegoat of the age, but he succeeded in becoming first his own scapegoat. He enticed the age to crucify him, and of course it was as acquiescent in such matters as other ages. So he emulated his father's disgrace, and fulfilled his own desire, no less felt for being passive and half-conscious, to kill the success he loved. The force of his personality was such that the resentful age seems to be immolated with him, and one's first association with that literary period is always Wilde, pulpy, brilliant, will-less.

'To read him today is to become aware in all his writing of the inner momentum which leads him towards his pathetic fall. There is a certain trepidation along with the gaiety that samples all the literary forms in turn—short poems, long poems, poetic dramas, essays, dialogues, fairy tales, a novel, prose plays, a play in French, a confession. He is apt to use the same witty remarks in different works, as if fearful that he will lose his audience without them, and as if aware that they will cover his deficiencies of characterization or plot. As for the wit itself, its poise seems more hazardously maintained than we had thought, and, even while pretending to arrogance, seeks with a humility that is easily overlooked to please us. . . .

'Wilde's creative works almost invariably end with a ceremonial unmasking. The Ideal Husband gives up his pretence of being ideal; the respectable Lady Windermere recognizes, as she recovers her incriminating fan, that she is as frail as the next woman; Dorian Gray deprives himself of his painted concealment. Wilde liked to confuse the issue by saying that he had treated life itself as the supreme mode of fiction, but it was the destruction of this mode that animated his creative writings. The ultimate virtue in his essays is pretence, but the denouement of his dramas and narratives, no matter from what varied sources he borrows their plots, is always the same: pretence is thrown to the winds. . . .

'To bring imposture to a focus, Wilde has to attribute to each of his characters some secret crime which he can then live down for a while only to have it finally discovered. Wilde dignified this assumption of a mask in *The Picture of Dorian Gray* by making it a kind of Faustian pact, complete with a Gretchen for Dorian to betray, and Dorian sells his soul not to the devil but, in the ambiguous form of his portrait, to art. The theme is continued in Sybil Vane's offence, the one which loses her Dorian's love, of valuing life over art. Dorian, under the Mephistophelean tutelage of Lord Henry, shares Wilde's too-often-stated preference for art over life, and of course comes to grief with it. Aestheticism becomes a doctrine of doom. Wilde recognized something misleading in it, just as he betrayed his suspicion of his own wit by putting his best remarks into the mouths of his most sinister characters. Perhaps he dimly recognized that the force of his work might ultimately lie in the attempt of his heroes to make their lives into masquerades, only to be caught out, in his own passion for art as a deception which penetrates a fraud. He did not, of course, give up his wit, except in *Salomé*, where the biblical prose becomes a slightly overblown substitute for it. Sometimes his characters, in their zeal to confess, confess crimes they have committed and then others as well

like the young man in *The Duchess of Padua* or Mrs. Erlynne in *Lady Windermere's Fan*. Out of love, they say they are worse than they are. But whatever they confess, confess they must.

'In self-abasement they are usually rescued with fairy-tale speed and indulgence. Wilde cancelled his nightmare of being found out with light-hearted dreams of pardon and transfiguration. In his best comedies, where he is most at home, he guarantees that no character will be hurt or abused or punished. The fairy tale was a natural form for him to choose to write in, and perhaps all his creative works belong to this genre. The king who, out of sympathy for the afflicted, dresses as a beggar, finds that his rags are after all only a disguise, for they turn to golden raiment as proof that to humble is to exalt oneself. To repudiate one's legacy, to become a foundling; to repudiate one's life and become a prisoner: these make the spirit wealthy and earn remittance of the body's sins; they haunt Wilde as experiences in actuality comparable to his dream of becoming marmorean in a work of art.

'For his real self is only varnished with corruption. Like his heroes, he retains an essential innocence. We may dissimulate our badness, but not our goodness. Tetrarch Herod is unexpectedly squeamish about deaths effected by others. Dorian Gray, who has ruined so many men and women in dreadful undisclosed ways, cannot bear to have a hunter kill a rabbit; this tenderness, portrayed again in the story, "The Star-Child", with the same rabbit as its illustration, is related to Dorian's remorse, which brings him back again and again to the contemplation of his sins until he cannot bear to look at them any more and dies.

'We can be grateful for Wilde's obsessions, since they give his wit its special quality, of surprising and undeceiving without annoying us, and agitate his puppet plays into vitality. Under the waving of peacock plumes the process of self-destruction is always going on, whether he concedes it tragically in *Salomé* (though that confession is written in French) or renders it comic in *The Importance of Being Earnest*. Always endangered, he laughs at his plight, and on his inexorable way to the loss of everything jollies society for being so much harsher than he is, so much less graceful, so much less attractive. He chaffs us and asks for liking, begs for mercy with panache. And once we have recognized that his charm is precarious, its eye on the door left open for the witless Law, it becomes even more triumphant.'

From OSCAR WILDE: SELECTED WRITINGS. *With an Introduction by* Richard Ellmann (The World's Classics, No. 585.) LONDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

SUPREME REALIST

[The third volume in the series is Defoe's epoch-making Moll Flanders, *the text being that of the first edition. The introduction, from which we quote, is by Bonamy Dobrée.]*

From Mervyn Peake's jacket design

'. . . this is essentially a novel about people such as ourselves, in essence if not in condition, and this is where this work is so astonishingly original. It can be claimed that it is the fountain-head of the vast flood of what we have come to call "novels". There had been nothing like it before. All previous works in this kind of fiction had been either heroic romances, or barely disguised satires, or picaresque, that is to say, rogue-novels. This too is a rogue-novel, but with a difference. Not only is a large tract of society shown, but character is studied and revealed as something acted upon by society, the whole being portrayed with factual detail based upon intimate knowledge. It adds to our realization of how life is lived, how circumstances force people out of their natural mould to assume different shapes. . . .

'Nearly everything that characterizes Defoe is in this novel. There is his extraordinary sense of the actual, the vivid presentation of a scene, the rapid movement of a crowd, as in the scene where Moll describes how a thief dropped a package behind her, in all which Defoe proves himself the supreme realist. There are the little homilies on marriage—always a favourite theme with him; we are given his sense of the occult when her Lancashire husband hears her passionate cry to him from twelve miles off, or when the Devil, in whose existence Defoe profoundly believed, prompted her to her first theft: "'twas like a voice spoken to me over my shoulder, 'Take the bundle; be quick; do it this moment'." And as the novel rushes on we become aware of the profound sense that Defoe had of a Providence that looks after us, that gives us a chance of repentance, which we usually reject, as Moll Flanders did. . . .

'. . . this novel has no shape. It begins at the beginning and goes on for sixty years or so at much the same pace, at once rapid and unhurried. There are no changes in tension. But after all this was the birth of the form, and it is astonishing how Defoe manages to get over some of its difficulties, notably that of telling the story in the first person and yet

seeing the character in the round. Has this been better done by Defoe's successors, say James Hogg in *The Confessions of a Justified Sinner*, or Italo Svevo in *The Confessions of Zeno*, or even Joyce Cary in that more cognate exercise in this form, *Herself Surprised*, in which Sara Monday seems to be first cousin to Moll Flanders? Defoe manages it so that we certainly do see the narrator as others saw her, as well as seeing her as she herself did, a result achieved possibly by her constant naif self-revelation. And in any event the story is important, to ourselves for giving us another human being whom we know really well, to Defoe for conveying the moral. The tragic sense, to be sure, is wanting, and there is very little of the social comedy we have come to expect in its absence, except at the very beginning, where alone we find any of the conversation we are accustomed to in novels. But if we experience neither the absorption of tragedy nor the detachment of comedy, we get something that in its completeness is rarer and just as valuable, an insight as to how things really are with the vast majority of people. This is given us by a master so brilliant in his ruthless realism, rendered creative by the strong sense of humanity running through the whole, that we never wish to reject what he offers, even though we may not have been nurtured as he was in a school of rigid if enlightened Puritan dissent.'

From THE FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES OF THE FAMOUS MOLL FLANDERS. *By* Daniel Defoe. *With an Introduction by* Bonamy Dobrée *and a Note on the Text by* Herbert Davis. (The World's Classics, No. 587.) LONDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

'THE POET OF THE POOR'

[*Maxim Gorky's* Childhood *is one of the most vivid and candid accounts of a child's life ever written. We reproduce an extract from C. P. Snow's introduction to the World's Classics edition.*]

'GORKY is the father figure of contemporary Soviet writers. . . .

'They feel for him passionate and filial gratitude. Many writers now middle aged knew him personally. Not many of them deny their gratitude. It was Gorky who set them going on their career, they say. He was magnanimous, passionate, determined that others should have an easier time than he had himself. He knew that some of the tribulations of the literary life are inescapable; but a good many others, with a bit of imagination and care on the part of senior writers, can be damped down. He set himself, almost single-handed, to do that damping down on behalf of anyone with talent he could see round him. Some of his swans turned out geese. One or two, who were swans all right, have bitten the old man's

and when he was safely dead. But most of them love him like a father. His memory is warmer in Russia today than that of any of his European contemporaries in their own countries. This is not mainly a matter of literary value, though the Russians are certain he was a very fine writer. More than that, though, they know for sure that he was a great and generous man. . . .

'. . . He spoke for his time, particularly the time of the long prelude to the October revolution, as no other prose writer did. It is impossible to understand the texture of that pre-revolutionary life in Russia unless one knows his works. That is enough achievement for any one man. But he was much more than that. He was the epic poet of the Russian poor, just at the point when that poor was going to take history by the scruff of the neck. No one has ever written about the poor as Gorky did, either before or since. . . .

'. . . His grandfather, with whom he lived, owned a small dyeing factory in Nizhni Novgorod, and employed workmen. This is the background described with such dazzling and ruthless brilliance in *Childhood*. Gorky later became very poor, but it was the poverty of someone whose family had lost its money. He identified himself with the poor, but always, it seems to me, there was that extra warmth, that tinge of romanticism, of someone who, by origin, saw them from a more comfortable window. Sometimes, as in *The Lower Depths*, this makes him overdo his effects. The romanticism and generosity of his protest makes his art slip just a little out of control.

'But there is nothing of that in *Childhood*. Here he is writing without any suspicion of a distorting lens, without forcing an effect, with a truth as fresh and absolute as Tolstoi's. *This* is how it was, one thinks as one reads: this is how it was and not otherwise. His family was an awful place in which to grow up, incompetent, knockabout, and cruel. We have forgotten how brutal, how near the animal level, much family life was in pre-industrial England. That was more harshly true in Gorky's Russia, and he never forgot it. When superior Westerners sneer at the Victorian refinement, the touch of prissiness, in contemporary

From the jacket design by Ian Ribbons

Soviet manners, they show an astonishing absence of sensibility. For it was an environment like Gorky's from which contemporary Russia has emerged, and which they had to put behind them.

'He writes of his family unsparingly, with all the resources of the Russian "broad nature", with tenderness and with hope. His grandfather was stupid and cruel, yet he too had his aspirations. His grandmother, even though she took to the bottle, and no wonder, is one of the most beautiful characters in the whole of Russian realistic literature. Her stories, which she told the little boy, come straight from the great pool of feeling which the common people had for so long been accumulating. The eccentric idealistic lodger, with his books and his experiments, who no one understands and who gets turned out, is Russian of the Russians. You will find him there still, shining with his purity of spirit and his passion for ideas. *Childhood* is one of the most truthful books in the world, quite as much so as the similar part of Tolstoi's autobiography from which Gorky probably learnt a lot. It would be a good idea if English readers started with *Childhood* before they go on to the rest of Gorky. It ought to make us ready to believe that he was a great man and a great master.'

From CHILDHOOD. *By* Maxim Gorky. *Translated by* Margaret Wettlin, *revised by* Jessie Coulson. *With an Introduction by* C. P. Snow. (The World's Classics, No. 581.) LONDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

One of the illustrations by Lynton Lamb for James Hawker's Journal: A Victorian Poacher, *edited and introduced by Garth Christian*

GEORGE HERBERT

[A new edition of George Herbert's Poems *is the fifth new volume in the World's Classics. The text is that of Dr. Hutchinson's Oxford English Texts edition. The introduction, from which we quote, is by Miss Helen Gardner.]*

THE firmness with which Herbert in the labyrinth of this world and of his own feelings holds to the "silk twist let down from heav'n" is the source of his peculiar strength as a poet. His poems are remarkable for clarity of design and precision in expression. Each, as his editor Dr. Hutchinson has said, "has its object well defined"; each moves to a true conclusion, satisfying to the mind and ear, which, when it arrives, is felt to have been foreseen from the beginning. Feelings and thoughts have been refined and controlled by the effort to give them their aptest expression; and the great variety of verse-forms Herbert uses is a striking and obvious sign of his desire to match content perfectly with form. But feeling and thought had been refined, strengthened, and purified of extravagance before they received the discipline of poetic expression, by being brought to the test of their conformity with the truth by which Herbert lived. The variety of his verse-forms and the skill with which they are used reminds us that Herbert was a skilled musician. He is a master of repetition and variation; but most of all he is a master of the "full close", finding his "resting-place" in "the C Major of this life".

'Some readers have found Herbert too much the artist and have preferred to his poems with their formal perfections, the more spontaneous, uneven poems of his disciple Henry Vaughan. Others have found the passion in them too muted when they are compared with the sonnets of Donne and Hopkins. Herbert has his own distinctive quality. He has been praised for "spiritual stamina" by Mr. T. S. Eliot; he can be praised too for spiritual subtlety and delicacy. He is remarkable also for intellectual vivacity; few devotional poets so exercise the mind, and combine the "*Heart-work* and *Heaven-work*" that Baxter praised with "*Head-work*". The fineness of his phrasing, the aptness of his comparisons, the supreme naturalness and ease of his verse, which, however difficult the stanza used may be, has the run of good speech, are the product of a fine critical intelligence that lets nothing by that is inexact or false in tone. At times he is perhaps overconcise and may puzzle his readers; at times the emblematic way of thinking, natural in his age but foreign to ours, may make a poem seem wilfully quaint. But many of the poems that tease the mind reward its effort, and some that appear over-ingenious at first sight, such as "Easter Wings" or "Trinity Sunday", come on acquaintance to seem the fruit of real correspondence between thought, feeling, and form. But it is not

in poems in which we are at once aware of Herbert's grace of style and wit of thought and phrasing that the full reward of the intellectual, moral, and spiritual discipline that lies behind his poetry is given. His greatest poems are those in which his art enables him, whether he speaks to us or to his God, to speak in the accent of absolute sincerity, in the tone of one opening his heart to a friend.

> Ah my deare angrie Lord,
> Since thou dost love, yet strike;
> Cast down, yet help afford;
> Sure I will do the like.
>
> I will complain, yet praise;
> I will bewail, approve:
> And all my sowre-sweet dayes
> I will lament, and love.'

From THE POEMS OF GEORGE HERBERT. *With an Introduction by* Helen Gardner. *Second edition.* (The World's Classics, No. 109.) LONDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

'MORE MEAT AND FEWER COOKS'

[*Wilkes is a rich subject for the biographer. Arousing alike bitter condemnation and profound veneration, he is the central figure of innumerable lively anecdotes. Mr. George Rudé has added to our understanding of the man by writing a study of the social background against which he lived and the varied political movements that sprang up in his wake.*]

'THE Middlesex election opened at Brentford Butts on the morning of 28 March. Wilkes's opponents were the two sitting Members, George Cooke, a Chathamite and Joint Paymaster of the Forces, and Sir William Beauchamp Proctor, a prosperous barrister and occasional "courtier". Though Wilkes lacked the support of influential backers, he was well served by his two closest associates of the time, Serjeant John Glynn and the Rev. John Horne of Brentford. According to one account, nearly 250 coaches, filled with Wilkite supporters and bedecked with blue favours, set out for the hustings, every passenger having been given a blue cockade and a "Wilkes and Liberty" card. 40,000 hand-bills had been distributed, requesting Wilkes's supporters "to preserve peace and good order . . . to convince the world that Liberty is not joined with licentiousness". Wilkes himself rode to Brentford "in a coach drawn by six long-tail horses" and attended, wrote an observer, "by an amazing number of people"; but, wrote another, "no riot or disturbance happened on the Acton Road (a most private road) by which Mr. Wilkes's friends went". At Hyde Park Corner, however, through which the main body of his opponents

Article 5th

The Sovereign of Bornoo, El Emir Umar son of Moham med el Kanemy promises to do all he can to facilitate the passage of Couriers carrying Despatches to or from the English Nation within his Territories and to provide for their security.-

الشرط الخامس

حاكم برنوه الامير الشيخ عمر
بن الشيخ محمد الامين الكانمي يكرمنه
الوعد بان يعمل جهده ويبذل ما
يجعله السبيل مع مكاتيب اتباع دولة
الانغليز التي تاتيهم والتي
يرسلونها من وطنه ويكون ذلك
في امان

Article 6th

The Sovereign of the King dom of Bornoo will put in execution the present Trea ty; will make it public, and cause it to be observed; and it shall not be violated. from this day forward for ever.

الشرط السادس

حاكم مملكة
برنوه يعمل في انفاذ
ليكرهذه الشروط
معمولا بها ويشهرها
من اليوم المستقبل
الى الابد

Written and Signed on the third day of September 1852 corresponding with the seventeenth day of Dhu il Kaid 1268.

بتاريخ ضحوة الخميس سبعة
عشر شهر الله ذي القعدة
الحرام وثلاثة وستين
١٢٦٨ عام

Dr. Barth

FINAL CLAUSES, SIGNATURES, AND SEALS OF THE TREATY WITH BORNU, SEPTEMBER 1852

One of the plates from Barth's Travels in Nigeria, *selected and edited, with an Introduction, by A. H. M. Kirk-Greene*

passed, the proceedings were not so peaceful. According to Horace Walpole, the Spitalfields weavers—as always champions of the "patriot" party—had mustered in strength in Piccadilly, giving out blue cockades and papers inscribed "No. 45, Wilkes and Liberty"; and objection was raised to two blue silk standards carried by Proctor's supporters, bearing the provocative inscriptions, "No Blasphemer" and "No French Renegade", which (it was said) "raised an unhappy resentment in the populace". A scuffle ensued in the course of which the glass on one of Proctor's coaches was broken and a Mr. Cooke, son of the City Marshal, was pelted and knocked off his horse and had the wheels stripped off his carriage and his harness slashed.

'At Brentford itself, the election was conducted in a perfectly orderly manner, though Wilkes's supporters noisily demonstrated their allegiance, waving banners inscribed "No. 45" and "Wilkes and Liberty", while others bore the motto, "More Meat and fewer COOKS". George Cooke was laid up with gout and failed to appear, but Sir William Proctor bore his ordeal manfully. The London Livery were well represented and, it was reported, many of those "who lately voted against Mr. Wilkes at Guildhall were the first to poll in his favour at Brentford". At all events, Wilkes headed the poll from the start and it was only some doubt as to which of his opponents should have second place that delayed the result until late in the evening. The final count gave 1,292 votes to Wilkes, 827 to Cooke and 807 to Proctor. Commenting on the whole proceedings, the *Annual Register* added the curious observation:

> There has not been so great a defection of inhabitants from London and Westminster to ten miles distant, in one day, since the lifeguardsman's prophecy of the earthquake, which was to destroy both those cities in 1750.

'There had been also a considerable "defection" of magistrates and constables to cope with the crowds that had gathered at Brentford and its approaches, and the peace officers remaining in London and Westminster were quite insufficient to deal with the riots that followed. For two days, notwithstanding Wilkes's appeal for peace and good order, his supporters of "the inferior set" held the streets and noisily celebrated his victory. Citizens were obliged to light up their windows at night, every door from Temple Bar to Hyde Park Corner (so it was reported) was chalked with "No. 45", and the Austrian Ambassador was even dragged from his coach and had the slogan chalked on the soles of his boots!'

From WILKES AND LIBERTY: A SOCIAL STUDY OF 1763 TO 1774. *By* George Rudé. OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

THE LESSON

'YOUR father's gone', my bald headmaster said.
His shiny dome and brown tobacco jar
Splintered at once in tears. It wasn't grief.
I cried for knowledge which was bitterer
Than any grief. For there and then I knew
That grief has uses—that a father dead
Could bind the bully's fist a week or two;
And then I cried for shame, then for relief.

I was a month past ten when I learnt this:
I still remember how the noise was stilled
In school-assembly when my grief came in.
Some goldfish in a bowl quietly sculled
Around their shining prison on its shelf.
They were indifferent. All the other eyes
Were turned towards me. Somewhere in myself
Pride, like a goldfish, flashed a sudden fin.

From A TROPICAL CHILDHOOD AND OTHER POEMS. *By* Edward Lucie-Smith. LONDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

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MODEL OF 1925 *From* The Birth of Broadcasting

OBITER SCRIPTA

AMONG the distinguished names in the Birthday Honours List it is probable that the first to catch the eye of the Oxford and Cambridge University Presses was that of the Rev. C. H. Dodd. Dr. Dodd was made a Companion of Honour. This crowning tribute followed closely on the publication of the New Testament of the New English Bible, the translation of which was carried out under his masterly direction. The extraordinary demand for the new translation is now a matter of publishing history. On the day of publication the queues began to form well before the bookshops opened. On 7 July, just under four months later, world sales had passed two and a half million.

Many booksellers were overwhelmed by the sudden demand; but the University Presses, though unable immediately to satisfy the demand, worked some twelve printing presses twenty-four hours a day and filled all needs by early July. There had after all been a precedent. F. A. Mumby records it in *Publishing and Bookselling* (Jonathan Cape, 1930): 'There was an unprecedented run on the Oxford University Press Warehouse on 17th May 1881, when the Revised New Testament was published. Over a million copies were sold within the first twenty-four hours. Bribery and corruption were tried in vain by several of the more unscrupulous American firms to secure advance sheets.'

It has been an exciting and momentous six months in the history of Bible publishing, enlivened by various attendant alarms and excursions.

Meanwhile, the critics and scholars, professional and amateur, have been commenting upon the new translation, in reviews, in letters to the press, and in private communications to the translators and the publishers. Some of the comment is constructive and valuable, some not. All is being studied with care, with a view to an eventual revised edition. The emphasis is on 'eventual'—it is not likely that a revised edition will be published for five years at least. The revisions will certainly not be extensive, but the probability that the new translation will be in general use for many years to come makes it the more important to record the final judgement of the translators.

The Foundations of Freedom, to be published this autumn by the Cape Town office of the Press, should be widely read outside South Africa, for its theme concerns us all. Professor Denis Cowen's book presents a clear-headed analysis of democratic government and its benefits over totalitarianism. He analyses the social, economic, and moral faults of *apartheid*, and comes out emphatically for the need for rapid racial integration, including universal adult franchise.

PROFESSOR COWEN's book is accompanied by a group of paperback publications on

Africa presented by the Institute of Race Relations. There are three new books: *Tragedy in Algeria*, by G. Mansell; *Multi-Racial South Africa*, by Z. J. de Beer; and *Panafricanism*, by Philippe Decraene. There are two new editions: Ruth Slade's *The Belgian Congo* with a new chapter by Marjory Taylor; and *Kenya: the Tensions of Progress* by Susan Wood. Another important study of an African problem to be published this autumn is *The Kenyatta Election: Kenya 1960–61*, by George Bennett and Carl G. Rosberg. This tells the story of Kenya from the Lancaster House Conference in 1960 to the formation of the new Government in April of this year. The election became a test of whether the minority communities—European, Asian, Arab—could come to terms with African nationalism, the power of the future. The problem was intensified by the events in the Congo, which renewed fears springing from the recent experience of Mau Mau. Overshadowing all else was the figure of the exiled Jomo Kenyatta, judicially condemned for managing Mau Mau and described by the Governor of Kenya as 'a leader to darkness and death'—but accepted by the mass of Kenya Africans as the father of their nationalism, so that 'Freedom and Kenyatta' became their election cry.

THE annual National Book League choice of the hundred best-designed British books of the year includes this year twelve O.U.P. publications. (Penguin Books and Faber & Faber were runners-up with seven books apiece.) They are:

English Political Caricature, Vols. I and II, M. Dorothy George; *A Bibliography of Dr. Robert Hooke*, Geoffrey Keynes; *English Uncial*, E. A. Law; *The Sun Insurance Office 1710–1960*, P. G. M. Dickson; *The Oxford Arithmetic Course, Nigeria, Book I: Pupils*, L. W. Downes and others; *The Observer and J. L. Garvin*, A. M. Gollin; *Boyhoods of Great Composers*, Catherine Gough; *Newspaper Design*, G. Allen Hutt; *The Wood Engravings of Joan Hassall*, Ruari McLean; *Board and Table Games*, R. C. Bell; and two children's books: *Johnny the Clockmaker*, by Edward Ardizzone, and *Paolo and Panetto*, by Bettina.

Two important Clarendon Press publications this autumn are not represented by extract in this issue of *The Periodical*, for extracts have already appeared in earlier issues—a little prematurely as it now appears. Professor E. F. Jacob's volume in the Oxford History of England, *The Fifteenth Century 1399–1485*, completes the original fourteen-volume undertaking under the general editorship of Sir George Clark. Its appearance finely rounds off the outstanding enterprise in the historical publications of the Press and will be the occasion for a general survey of the whole grand design. The second book of which our readers should be reminded is W. G. Constable's *Canaletto*. This is in two handsome volumes, containing 200 half-tone plates in all, and provides the first full descriptive catalogue of Canaletto's paintings, drawings, and etchings; an account of the topographical tradition in Venice; a life, citing many unpublished documents; and a systematic analysis of his artistic development.

'SENSE AND SENSIBILIA. J. AUSTIN.' In this agreeable manner did Professor J. L. Austin announce his term's philosophical lectures. Austin died in 1960. His devotion as a Delegate of the Press was commented on in our Spring issue of that year. In the Summer issue of this year we reproduced extracts from his *Philosophical Papers*, edited by J. O. Urmson and G. J. Warnock. Now Mr. Warnock has

reconstructed his lectures from the manuscript notes, and they are to be published under their original title. They are elegant, brief, and brilliant. 'The one tragedy of my time at Oxford', said one student recently, 'is that I never heard Austin lecture.' *Sense and Sensibilia* offers the next best thing.

JAMES HAWKER, son of a village tailor in the Midlands, was born in 1836. He began to poach as a young man—for his family and their friends found it hard to live—and only ceased when death apprehended him at the age of eighty-five. By then he had become an established character, the friend of the Leicestershire landowners whose keepers he so often outwitted, and a respected member of the School Board of his village, much deferred to in country matters. Late in life he wrote down his recollections, and wrote them extremely well. They are now published for the first time with an introduction by Garth Christian, the Sussex naturalist who discovered the manuscript in a private library. A remarkable figure emerges, for apart from his skill in poaching and his natural gifts as a writer and story-teller Hawker had a fiery concern with social justice. His energy was kindled as strongly by political campaigning as by the excitement of matching his wits against keepers and country police. He had no schooling, but wrote a vigorous, direct, and absorbing autobiography. He was fired with bitterness by a system that allowed pheasants to be reared on hard-boiled eggs while working-class housewives faced empty cupboards, yet he enjoyed the friendship of the local squires. He was kindly, direct, and a humorist. Here is the last wry paragraph of his book: 'I was sitting in Gorse Lane one morning some ten years ago before it was light. I was waiting for anything with my Gun. Two Policemen, a Farmer and Keeper came by me at Peep of Day, carrying Long Nets and Rabitts. They had been out most of the night. They are all Living. One Policeman has been made a Sergeant, the other an Inspector, and the Farmer is Driving a Tramcar. This only shows you what Life is.'

From James Hawker's Journal

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PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, OXFORD
BY VIVIAN RIDLER
PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY